second staff officer-to represent to corps-
headquarters that to
start my men again would be downright cruelty
to them, a^nd
I begged that they be aUowed to stay for the
night where they
were, unless there were real necessity for their
marching on.
In due time the answer came that there was
such necessity-
Now nothing was to be done but to obey
instantly. My divi-
sion bugler sounded the signal. There arose
something like a
sullen groan from the bivouac, but the men
emptied the water,
which was just beginning to boil in their
kettles, upon the
ground, and promptly fell into line. We had
hardly been on.
the way half an hour when a fearful
thunderstorm broke upon
us. The rain came down in sheets like a
cloudburst, driving
right into our faces. In a few minutes we were all
drenched to
the skin. I wore a stout cavalry overcoat with
cape, well lined,
with flannel, over my uniform. In an incredibly
short time I
felt the cold water trickle down my body. My
riding* boots
were soon full to overflowing. One may imagine
the sorry
plight of the poor fellows in rags. They had to
suffer, too, not
only from the water coining down from above,
but also from
water coming from below. We were again
passing through &
hilly district. The road ran along the bottom of a
deep valley
with high ridges on both sides. From these the
rain-water
rushed down in streams, transforming the road
into a swelling
torrent, the water reaching up to the knees of
the men, and

higher. Meanwhile the thunder was rolling, the lightning flash-
ing, and the poor sufferers stumbling over unseen boulders
under the water, and venting their choler in wild imprecations*
At last, after having struggled on in this way for abotrt
two hours, we emerged from the wooded hills into a moro
open country—at least I judged so, as the darkness seemed
to be a little relieved. The storm had ceased. Riding at tho
head of my column, I ran against a horseman standing in